

THE PALATKA NEWS AND ADVERTISER

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Wm. A. RUSSELL, Editor

"PECULIAR CONDITIONS."

Last week a sane admission came out of Kansas having for its author no less a personage than the governor of the state.
The whites of Kansas City, Kansas, demanded separate high schools for whites and blacks and Governor Hoch has signed a bill prohibiting co-education in that city. In his message to the legislature explaining his action the governor said that while in its general aspect the bill appeared to be a step backward, he believed local conditions made the law advisable. Governor Hoch said, in the course of his message, touching on the race question: "I am in hearty sympathy with them (the negroes) in their great struggle for higher and better things, and in perfect accord with the Roosevelt idea—that every man should have a square deal, regardless of race or color; but the local conditions are peculiar."

For over fifty years Kansas has figured as the home of the crank. It has probably produced more of the species to the square mile than all the other states of the Union combined.

Each generation of Kansans, from the time of its first infection by the Immigration Aid Society of Massachusetts in 1854 to the present, seems to have had for its chief incentive to distinction a desire to outdo its predecessor in the picturesqueness of its leading crank. The result has been that from the days of John Brown of Pottawatomie down to the raids of Carrie Nation, Kansas has had more than its full share of top of column advertising.

Kansas is also a state of inconspicuousness. It has long professed a peculiar love for the negro, but any considerable dose of him has acted as an emetic. It prohibits whisky by law, but drinks it openly by the quart. It gave populism to the nation as a remedy for plutocracy and when the germ got in working order the winds from off its prairies were permitted to whistle requiems through populist whiskies.

But all these things aside, this recent admission from bleeding Kansas is a hopeful sign that the state is coming to its senses. The fact that this separate school bill passed both branches of the legislature and received the approval of the governor shows that a reaction has set in. That prejudice and hypocrisy are giving place to reason.

The reason assigned for separate schools by Governor Hoch is one of the arguments that reads familiar in the south. The multiplicity of the negro does make "local conditions peculiar."

Our own Governor Broward could not have stated the case more in conformity with southern sentiment.

THE GROOM.

"The groom was attired in conventional black." How many times have you read that statement. It is the same old story. Black—conventional black.

Entire paragraphs are lit up with descriptions of the color of the decorations, the dresses of brides and bridesmaids, bouquets, etc. The groom gets a line.

That is because at every wedding the groom is a "mere man." For weeks and days there will be talk of the bride's trousseau, the manner in which her hair will be dressed, lingerie, veil, bouquet and all the etcetera. Who gives a thought to the toilet of the groom?

His hair will be combed as becomes it every day. The collar he wears will be the same style put on every morning. His trousers will have the same old crease. A little more expanse of shirt bosom. No color, mind you. A groom who would dare to carry a bouquet would be incontinently mobbed. He is a study in black and white. Aside from his clothes all he is permitted to wear is a meek disposition and a doubtful smile.

And thus he is led like a sheep to the slaughter and as a lamb before his shearer he is dumb.

Nobody pays any attention to him. Everybody admires the bride. It is necessary for the wedding that he should be present. He is a super-numerary in that the show cannot proceed without him. He is in the cast but receives no applause.

Ab, my brethren—Here's where many a benedict has made his mistake. He has been suppressed on the very threshold of his matrimonial career. Why wonder at the sequel?

The True Democrat, John G. Collins' new paper at Tallahassee, made its appearance last week and is chock-a-block with local and state news items in condensed form. The paper is also strong editorially. But that isn't all. It is the nearest paper typographically that has been issued from Middle Florida in the past two decades—which is as far back as this editor's experience reaches in Florida. The News trusts that Editor Collins "may live long and prosper" in his efforts to revive in public esteem the true democracy taught and practiced by the fathers, a brand almost obsolete in these latter days of primary reform, buncombe and political piracy.

The wedding ceremonies of the daughter of the American ambassador to France and the Swiss doctor lasted through two days. But it is no more binding on the parties than if a "cracker" justice of the peace down here in Florida had done it in five minutes.

Three hundred men in New York engaged in a vicious hand-to-hand fight recently for the privilege of shoveling snow all day for barely living wages. Republican prosperity does not seem to be as general as the advance notices indicated.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Edited by Palatka Union.

Who Killed Our Carl?

Few telegrams ever carried swifter or more unexpected or more needless sorrow to a household than—
"Carl is shot; is dying; answer."

The faces in the parlor grew very pale as this and the one that followed it were read. Our Carl, a student in a state university, shot and dying. Surely some awful mistake somewhere. Half an hour found us speeding toward the north as fast as hurrying train could bear us.

We had first seen him in our congregation at Mason City, Ia. Very fair of face, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and a very responsive, pleasant, cheerful, and kind before us, and we had been attracted to him. A visit to the study followed.

We gleaned his story. A Swede. No home in all this land. Partially broken in health from over-study. Ambitions. Economical. Determined. Intellectually brilliant. Deeply spiritual. It was easy to share with him our home. The great church family soon felt the throbs of this young man's intelligent zeal. His Sunday school class multiplied from four young ladies to thirty. His health improved, and spiritual results proved him the greatest of teachers. His league meetings were epochal. The class leaders were ever pleading for this overworked young man's presence, saying: "You help us so."

Two years of strength to the church. Two years of joy to the home. Two years of beautiful life before us. The health had come back. Money had been saved. The university was calling. We left together, he for the school and we for district work. And away! Alas! what now. The train sped on. No home, no home. The noon of another day had come. Sad-faced students met our train. There was no need for words, save to tell the awful tragedy of his death. He had been doing double class work; much Young Men's Christian Association work. But he must not forget to husband his finances. He organized a boarding club. It was very prosperous. He had hired a woman to prepare the meals. All this we knew. The woman was in charge of all the kitchen work. She must have the money. She paid all the bills.

It was hers by right. And she was paid.

The husband was depraved, passionate and a devotee of the saloon. He demanded the wife's wages. They had already been paid. With emphasis he claimed them from the weary woman. She refused. Angered that Carl had already paid, maddened at his wife's retention of the funds, crazed by a half-slaked whiskey thirst, he drew his revolver and fired fatally into the back of the student at his wife. Next he turned at his wife, but missed her. Then he closed the awful tragedy by emptying the revolver into his own brain. This was the story, emphasized with sobs, that laid a forever sorrow on our hearts.

Who killed this blameless, brilliant young man? Was this needless man the murderer? So said the inquest. What fired the brain to do the terrible deed? Liquor.

Whence came the liquor? From your saloon.

Whence came that? By permission of the law?

And how came the law? From state and national legislatures.

But who compose these law-making bodies? Representatives of the people, from among the people chosen by ballot by the people.

Every ballot cast for the man or party that stood for the saloon shared in the responsibility for the saloon crime. Carl was dead because the whiskey traffic lived, perpetuated and protected by the expressed wish of the voters of the commonwealth.

Lady Macbeth could not wash her hands white from the inviolable blood stains, and all the perfume of Arabia could not sweeten her little hands. As long as the legalized saloon exists spots of blood will be on the hands of its protectors, and political expediency cannot sweeten them.

After the fatal shot our Carl was borne to the hospital, and love and skill did their best to keep him here. When told that he would die he expressed no fear. A few brief messages of love, and his great white soul went to God, who gave it. As the disciples of old took the benediction of John the Baptist and buried it, and then went and told Jesus, so we bore the mutilated form a hundred miles to the one whose name was last on his lips, and there he lies, a witness of flowers, made still sweeter with the baptism of many tears, we laid our radiant Carl to rest.

THE KISS ...OF LIFE

(Original.)

The members of the household stood about my bed waiting for my death. Not brothers, sisters, father, mother, for these were all dead. My aunt stood at the foot of the bed. My Cousin Eugenia, to whom I was engaged to be married, sat weeping near a window, her face buried in her handkerchief. Laura, whom my mother had left to my care when a little girl of but ten years old and for whom I had provided ever since, stood in the background, crowded away from the bed by the others, and I could not see her face. Laura was now twenty and by my death would be left without a home or support. I had provided for her, but had not been fully satisfied with the new will in which I had made the provision and had kept it locked where it would not be found. The old will left everything to Eugenia.

The doctor came and put his hand on my heart and after leaving it there a few minutes said in a softly modulated voice:

"It is all over."

My cousin Tom turned and with bowed head walked out of the room, slowly at first, but more rapidly as he neared the door, and I could hear him going downstairs with a springy step. Eugenia rose and cast a frightened glance my way. I expected to see in her face indications of a blighted life. I was astounded to discover a look of relief. Aunt Winifred went to her, put her arm around her, Eugenia's head full on her mother's shoulder, and they passed out of the chamber.

One by one those who had been with me in my last moments left me. Laura stood by a window with her back to me. She waited till the last person had departed, then turned. On her face was genuine grief. She had concealed it in the presence of the others, but now that they were gone she gave full vent to it. Coming to me, she knelt by my bed, put her face down into her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. But hearing a step without she rose, brushed away her tears and began to busy herself about the room, gliding noiselessly here and there while the doctor, who had forgotten his satchel, came in, put away his medical paraphernalia and went away. I didn't believe I was. I had often heard of the comatose condition in which a person may linger for a long while and concluded that mine was such a case. I was certainly paralyzed. Had I not been propped up with pillows I should not have seen what I did.

During the night I heard a faint laugh in a distant chamber. I recognized it at once, for I had long loved it. It was Eugenia's laugh. I heard a sob in the hall, and in a few moments Laura came in. Softly approaching the bed, she stood looking down at me.

Presently she seemed to notice something in my face—probably a life-like tinge. At any rate, she touched my cheek. She appeared to be disappointed and took her hand away, but not before it had stirred my dormant pulse. Then she bent down and imprinted a kiss upon my lips.

That kiss was like new fuel to a flickering fire. I could feel my heart begin to beat—slowly at first, but quickening every moment. Laura must have noticed the change, for she hastened out of the room, and presently by my aunt and my cousin Tom came hurrying in and looked at me.

"Nonsense!" said Tom, but with a look full of fear that I might live. "It's that stupid Laura's fancy," said my aunt.

I hoped to hear more, but after a hasty glance they left the room. Laura came back and stood peering down into my face. I gave a faint sigh. Quick as a flash she put her hand to my heart and felt it beating. Seizing my hand, she chafed it spasmodically, then ran to the door and called over the banister.

"Get the doctor, quick!"

When the doctor came the sun was shining in at my window, and there is nothing more reviving than its rays. Laura had started life anew; the sun gave it strength. The doctor declared that I still lived, but after deliberation decided not to give me any remedy, though he ordered a tank of oxygen for me to breathe. The household again gathered in the room, my fiancée approaching me with a partly concealed dread or disappointment in her face. They crowded about my bed, and Laura, as before, was crowded out. Then, when sure I lived, they went away again.

The time came when I was perfectly recovered. I broke my engagement with Eugenia and turned the rest of them out of the house. When they were all gone I sent for Laura. She came into my study wondering. I had two wills in my hand. I gave her one to read. It left all my possessions to my late fiancée. When Laura had read it, I handed her the other, executed that morning. It left everything to her.

"What does this mean?" she asked, a color mounting to her cheek. "Why am I to have all this property?"

"You won't."

"How?"

"By a kiss."

"What kiss?" The color in her cheek deepened.

"The kiss that restored me to life."

She turned away, but I went up behind her and, drawing her face around, kissed her.

"You gave me life; I give you fortune. If you will take me with it, it is yours now."

T. ADOLPH SAUNDERS.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running ear or the hearing is impaired, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed. It is not a case of the mucous membrane being thickened, but of the tube being inflamed. It is not a case of deafness caused by catarrh, but of deafness caused by inflammation. It can be cured by Dr. J. C. Cheney's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BEGGARS' APPEALS.

How the Professionals Base Them on the Public's Emotions.

Never do panhandlers make the mistake of appealing to the reason. The emotions of the crowd only are attacked. There is always a complete human story in the pose. What, for instance, could be more compelling of sympathy than the spectacle of the bent old graybeard patiently and despairingly as it seemed grinding a wheezy old organ which he had tied into a broken down baby carriage? The suggestiveness of that perambulator, coupled with the wails of that organ, more forlorn than mortal child ever uttered, was worth dollars a day to the old fellow. It was reprehensible art, of course, but art nevertheless. And the artist grew rich, for when investigated by the police he was found to be the owner of many houses in Hoboken.

Again, could there be anything more likely to excite compassion than the crust throwing trick? It was invented by a German beggar named Lang, whose French disciple, Lemaire, practiced it subsequently. I have seen a crust thrower operating in Sixth avenue. He was a semi-well dressed man, who walked swiftly down through the crowds of shoppers. Suddenly he uttered a hoarse cry and darted out into the roadway, where, pouncing upon a crust of bread which he had thrown there previously, he began gnawing it ravenously. He did not wait for sympathy. He walked rapidly away, but a number of women who saw the act ran after him and crowded one another for the privilege of giving him money. Theodore Waters in Everybody's Magazine.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Probably the easiest thing in the world is to be a bore.

You waste half your time. There's reform work for you.

It is possible to laugh at trouble, but the laughter doesn't mean it.

What a disagreeable world this would be if people were perfectly candid.

It is easier to talk a man out of a thing than it is to fight him out of it.

There is one thing sure about a fuss—it does not do any good to talk it over.

When men talk together, it is of prices at which things can be sold.

Women talk of prices at which things can be bought.

The sentiment seems to be always in favor of abusing the man who objects to cost when it comes to funerals or weddings.—Acheson Globe.

Order for Publication.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, EIGHTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, PUTNAM COUNTY, FLORIDA.

IN CHANCERY.

J. and Noble vs. Bill for Damages and Costs of Child.

It appearing by affidavit appended to the bill filed in this cause that Laura Malinda Noble, the defendant therein named, a non-resident of the State of Florida, is a resident of Putnam County, Georgia, and her postoffice address is Board Creek, Georgia, and that there is no person in the State of Florida upon whom the service of subpoena would bind such defendant, and that she is hereby required to appear to the bill of complaint filed in said cause before the 4th day of March, A. D. 1905, otherwise the allegations of said bill will be taken as confessed by said defendant.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Palatka News, a newspaper published in said county and State.

This January 1st 1905.

JOSEPH PRICE, Clerk Circuit Court.

S. J. HILDREN, 84-1/2 St. for Comptroller.

Notice for Publication.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, EIGHTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, PUTNAM COUNTY, FLORIDA.

IN CHANCERY.

REBA W. O'NEILL, Complainant, vs. Walter Samuel and Charles A. Morahan, Defendants.

It appearing by affidavit appended to the bill filed in this cause that Walter Samuel and Charles A. Morahan, the defendants therein named, are non-residents of the State of Florida, and that there is no person in the State of Florida upon whom the service of subpoena would bind such defendants, and that they are hereby required to appear to the bill of complaint filed in said cause before the 30th day of March, A. D. 1905, otherwise the allegations of said bill will be taken as confessed by said defendants.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Palatka News and Advertiser, a newspaper published in said county and State.

This February 1st, 1905.

JOSEPH PRICE, Clerk Circuit Court.

S. J. HILDREN, 84-1/2 St. for Comptroller.

Notice for Publication.

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DELICIOUS

Fruit Ice Creams, Sandwiches, Milk Shakes, Ice Cream Sodas and All Kinds of Refreshing Summer Drinks at—

L. A. SMITH,
Lemon St., Palatka.

Finest Line of Confections in the State
Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars.

ON THE RIGHT TIME

to make the home bright and attractive. Perhaps it's a

Pretty Paper

for the Parlor, Dining Room or Bed Rooms you want.

Maybe it's a little

Paint for the Kitchen

or

Stain for the Floor

In any case we can supply you with the best at the lowest cost.

New designs in

WALL PAPER

arriving daily

We invite inspection.

ROCKMAN & STEWART,
DRUGGISTS.

New Goods.

We are receiving daily. New and Fresh Groceries of all kinds. We have the most complete stock of New Goods in the following lines than we have ever had:

Fancy Dried and Evaporated Fruits,

Best brands of Canned Goods consisting of

Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, Meats, Etc.

Cereals, Breakfast Foods, Entire Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Yellow Corn Meal, Teas,

Coffees and Spices, Butter and Cheese,

Crackers and Cakes, Hams, Shoulders, Breakfast Bacon, Sausage, Pigs Feet, Best New Florida and Maple Syrup,

and everything usually kept in a first-class Grocery store.

Call and see us, you will be surprised to find that we sell best quality at such low prices.

L. C. STEPHENS,
Telephone 84,
Kirby and Morris Sts., Palatka, Fla.

European - Restaurant.

Furnished Rooms,

Hot and Cold Baths